

SOME NEW BOOKS.

VASARI.

Unlike some men who achieve greatness, Giorgio Vasari did it through his art, not his artistry, but because of his book about painters. He was not a genius. His literary ability was hardly second rate, nevertheless, his Lives have embossed his reputation along with the great names of those of whose doings he so magnanimously, apparently, wrote. A new biography by ROBERT V. CARVER has been recently published entitled 'The Life of Giorgio Vasari: A Study of the Later Renaissance in Italy (Henry Holt and Company). It may be urged by those who are acquainted with the works executed by Vasari, both in architecture and painting, that they are not such as merit the serious labor involved by an extended biography, and with this view Mr. Carden is in agreement. The study of Vasari has, however, a more important and interesting aspect. The present volume is chiefly concerned with the biography of the artist, the Italian Renaissance concludes his Lives with a short account of his own works, adding it, as he would make us believe, somewhat unwillingly. These notices necessarily cease with the publication of the 1558 edition, leaving the remaining years of his life unrecorded. When Bottari published a new edition, with numerous notes and additions, he endeavored to complete the life of the biographer with a complete and correct account of Vasari's own letters of the period. The life thus finished, has been allowed to stand; for the late Gaetano Milanesi was content to reprint the notices given by Bottari with little additional matter. Neither seems to have tested the accuracy of the autobiography by comparing it with Vasari's contemporary correspondence; nor did they find it of interest to sift the large amount of collateral evidence which lay at hand. Mr. Carden concludes, therefore, that those who undertake the work of editing these notices were carried away by their interest in the greater personalities of whom Vasari tells, and to such an extent that the biographer is himself passed over with but scant notice, while the magnitude of the task he performed is almost forgotten.

The life of Vasari, of the individual, not the mediocre artist, amply repays whatever study is devoted to it. He was the first writer to set out coherently the story of the renaissance of art in Italy; and while the modern critic and the modern historian have traced the development of the sister arts from their early beginnings down to the splendid days which marked the opening of the sixteenth century, with a clearness deserving of all praise, his Lives are divided into three periods, which may conveniently be described as the infancy, the youth and the manhood of the arts. Here Vasari stopped, supposing that this manhood would endure forever, forgetting that the sun, dying with the knowledge that all of maturity as manhood upon youth. This period of decay coincides in a remarkable degree with the sixty-three years that Vasari spent in this world of ours; and he has left us, quite unconsciously, as clearly written a history as any to be found in the Lives. This document, to use a hackneyed phrase, is a human document. Vasari himself was 9 years old when Raphael died, and he survived Michelangelo by ten years, dying with the knowledge that all the great old masters were dead and there were no younger men fitted to carry on the traditions of the past.

Many writers have devoted themselves to the study of the golden period of the Renaissance. They lead to Parnassus and leave us there, declining to tell us of the path that lies beyond and leads steeply down into the misty valleys once more. There is, however, an interest which attaches itself to the process of decay, and Vasari's life as he found it in his letters and in the witness of his contemporaries may clearly mark the decline of art both in Florence and Rome; under Cosimo de' Medici in the one and under the Popes who succeeded Clement VII. in the other. Vasari may be considered, so Mr. Carden believes, as the most prominent artist of this period of decadence. Both architect and painter, he lived in the midst of courts, he conversed with Alessandro, Cosimo and Francesco de' Medici, and was familiar as a commoner day might be with the Popes from Clement VII. to Gregory XIII. He knew all the great painters who were slowly passing away around him, and the notices of them in the Lives are largely supplied by his own eyewitnesses. More than 200 of his letters have already been published and a great many more have recently been discovered. In addition to this we have the autobiography, together with a number of his poems, so that there is ample material for the student work.

Vasari claims interest in the type of the aftermath and as the writer of the Lives. Whatever grandeur his architecture may possess is due to the magnificent scale on which his dual patron was accustomed to build rather than to any intrinsic merit on the part of the designer. The Palazzo de' Cavalieri at Pisa only excepted, his paintings are so inferior that it would be waste of time to emphasize their demerits. But with this the worst has been said. His literary legacy is of a far greater value. In his letters he strips himself bare; he shows us the joys and sorrows incident upon the services of mighty princes in the great days of old, and he shows us what is perhaps of still greater interest, the manner in which he collected the wonderful amount of information which is contained in the 'Lives of the Most Excellent Painters, Sculptors and Architects.'

Mr. Carden's twenty-seven chapters deal with the childhood and early days of Alessandro de' Medici, Camaldoli, 'The Lives of the Painters,' Pope Julius III., Florence, the second edition of the Lives, the Palazzo Vecchio, preparation for Francesco de' Medici's wedding, and the wedding, Vasari's tour of Italy, at Rome and St. Peter's, the end of the autobiography, Pisa V. Rome again, the death of the artist, and Vasari's place in art. Mr. Carden has handled his unwieldy material with signal ease; he writes with sufficient enthusiasm to make the venerable bones of erudition live again, and he is clear in his communications and firm in his judgments. Vasari's great-grandfather, Lazzaro, died in 1452, leaving a son, Giorgio, engaged in the making of nuts, and a nephew, son of his sister, Luca Signorelli, who afterwards became famous as a painter. Giorgio the elder, grandfather of the biographer, had himself which reaches into the methods of the old European potter, and was so successful as to rediscover some of the secret processes and to unearth an ancient potter's furnace. By this means he contrived to raise himself a little above his condition, and it was with him that the family name of Vasari (Vasario or Vasio, a potter)

came to have originated. With him, too, the Vasari first came to the notice of the Medici, for Lorenzo the Magnificent accepted some of the treasures which had been found. Giorgio died in 1484 at the age of 68, leaving a large family of sons, most of whom, if not all, followed the old calling. One of these, Antonio by name, on July 30, 1511, 60 years of age, died, and his son, Giorgio, after his grandfather, and destined as the author of the Lives to make the name immortal.

His childhood was not of the happiest. He was sickly and sensitive. He received his first elementary instruction in drawing from his kinsman Luca Signorelli, then a very old man. The vicissitudes he then underwent before success came to him need not concern us here. His latest biographer relates these things, but writes of how the Lives came to be written, but not of how they were written. Giorgio himself and his son, Antonio, to all students of art. It was according to him in 1546, the date is of importance, that he painted the Sala della Cancellaria, spending his evenings among the suits of the Cardinal Farnese. 'At the time I am speaking of,' he says, 'I was in the habit of going to the house of the most illustrious Cardinal after I had finished work for the day, and used to sit by while he supped, listening to the elegant and scholarly discourse with which Molza, Annibale Caro, Messer Gandolfo, Messer Agostino Tolomei, Messer Romolo Anasasso, Monsignor Giovinetti, and other learned and gallant gentlemen who frequented the palace used to entertain him. On one particular evening they were discussing Giovinetti's museum, as well as the portraits of illustrious men he had collected and put in it. The conversation passed from one topic to another, as generally happens in a gathering of this sort, and Monsignor Giovinetti remarked that he had always wished to enrich his museum and his book of Eulogies with the names of the painters he mentioned, getting himself entangled with their names and their works, and tending the wrong of the matter. When Giovinetti finished speaking the Cardinal turned to me and said: 'Well, Giorgio, and what do you think of the matter? Do you not think that such a work would be well worth doing?' It would indeed be a splendid undertaking, most illustrious Cardinal. I replied, 'provided that Giovinetti were assisted by a painter or some one who could put the facts into their proper order and explain the technicalities to him. I offer you my services, and I hope that you will do all that I lay in my power, and do it with the utmost willingness.'

This is the account of the incident given by Vasari, and the one that has been accepted as reliable. Even in this, however, the writer of the Lives has been caught napping by Signor Scotti-Bertinelli, who justly observes that as Molza died in February, 1544, he could not very well have been present, at least in the flesh, at the historic gathering of 1546. Either, therefore, Vasari is incorrect in stating that Molza was one of those who assisted the Cardinal that evening, or the incident took place earlier than the date assigned to it. The above mentioned writer adduces many arguments in favor of the latter theory, and while failing to produce any conclusive testimony gives it as his opinion that the discussion took place, not in 1546, but in the earlier part of 1543. To give his arguments in full would occupy too much space, but the centre point of his attack is based upon the short time at the biographer's disposal. The work was only begun in 1546, and before the end of the following year had so far progressed as to be 'nearly ready for copying out in a clerical hand.' In support of his contention he urges that Vasari was particularly busy at this time, and when it is remembered that he had the whole of the Sala to decorate in addition to six pictures which are specifically mentioned in the autobiography, it does not seem possible that he should have found time to complete the volumes which have made the name of Giorgio Vasari enduring.

Vasari, however, had really been preparing for these Lives since he was a child; witness his remarks at the end of his Life of Ghiberti, in which he says, speaking of the drawings in his Libro di Disegno: 'I obtained these drawings [by Ghiberti] together with others by Giotto and his contemporaries, from Vittorio Ghiberti in 1528, when I was quite a young man. And I have always held them, as I do still, in great veneration, both because they are beautiful and as a memorial of the great master. I have never known that he alone had the material for such a great work, may even have been the first to moot the subject, venturing his opinions among his friends, making suggestions as to their form and scope, while keeping discreetly silent upon the notes he had already collected. It must be urged, too, that Signor Scotti-Bertinelli's evidence is not always as satisfactory as it would appear, for in the course of his work already cited he refers to two unpublished manuscripts in the Biblioteca della Pia Confraternita di Santa Maria ad Arezzo, which he believes to be the work of the artist, and the one that has been accepted as reliable. Even in this, however, the writer of the Lives has been caught napping by Signor Scotti-Bertinelli, who justly observes that as Molza died in February, 1544, he could not very well have been present, at least in the flesh, at the historic gathering of 1546.

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up in despair had not been for the kindness and generosity of a large number of friends, to whom I am eternally grateful for their encouragement. It is because of them that I went ahead bravely. I thank them for their loving assistance and for information and advice given when I was in perplexity. I neither expect nor delude myself with the hope of making a name for myself as a historian or a writer of books. I have not thought of such a thing. My business in life is to paint, not to write. And I have put together these notices or memorials, or rough sketches (as I prefer to call them) so that some persons of higher attainments and equipped with all those excellencies which befit the true writer may in sweeter tones and a more exalted style extol the merits and immortalize the names of these glorious artists whom I have merely rescued from the dust and oblivion of time which already in part concealed them. I have written as a painter should write, and in my own language. Whether it be the Florentine tongue or the dialect of Tuscany I shall not pause to consider, nor yet whether I ought to have used so many of the technical words belonging to my craft. I had to use them so as to make myself understood by my fellow workmen. He mistrusted his abilities to such an extent that he gave the whole book into the hands of a friend 'with full and entire liberty to cut it about to suit his own taste, so long as he neither interfered with the substance nor the sense. I have set out for the purpose of teaching posterity, not to be the Tuscan tongue, my intention was just that, to write about the lives and works of the artists.'

'I am plunged into the deepest grief, as your Highness will readily imagine, by the death of the Cavaliere Messer Giorgio, my brother, which has just taken place. May his soul rest in peace.' So wrote Pietro Vasari on June 27, 1574, to Francesco de' Medici, only sixty-four days after the death of Cosimo. Who shall say, Mr. Carden, that the loss of his beloved master did not hasten his dissolution? He seems to have suffered from no specific disease, but to have slipped quietly from his moorings and leached into the eternal. Beyond Pietro's letter and a short notice in a manuscript preserved in the Biblioteca della Pia Confraternita di Santa Maria ad Arezzo there is nothing to be learned that we do not already know. 'On June 27, 1574, he died, Messer Giorgio Vasari of Arezzo, a painter and architect of great merit. He was the architect of the whole of the new building near the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, for the Magistrate; he painted the walls and ceiling of the magnificent salone which belongs to the Duke; he commenced the paintings on the dome of the Florentine Cathedral, but only completed the groups of kings under the lantern, and executed many other works which are to be seen here in Florence.'

So died Giorgio Vasari, having indeed made himself immortal, but not by his skill as architect and painter. He considered himself to be a consummate artist, he believed himself the worthy successor of Michelangelo and Raphael, and that the Popes and princes he served would gain additional lustre from the works he did for them. Had he been told that as a painter he would run the risk of sinking into the realm of the forgotten, but that he would live forever as the historian of the artists, he would have laughed his interlocutor to scorn, or perhaps have boxed his ears, as he did Lottimo's, and yet after the death of Michelangelo he was called in as consulting architect to St. Peter at Rome. Many a painter whose name is passing well known would have sunk into oblivion had not Giorgio enshrined him in the Lives; and now these same Lives, written by one whose hand was 'more fitted to wield the brush than the pen,' have become his own monument, to last as in his fond blindness he hoped of his paintings, 'during life, after death, and until the world shall have ceased to exist.' We could not precisely say that Vasari's is the life of the illustrious and versatile Giorgio Vasari.

An Irish Beauty of the Regency. In the preface to her compilation from the unpublished journals of the Honorable Mrs. Calvert, entitled 'An Irish Beauty of the Regency (John Lane Company), Mrs. WARREN BLAKE remarks that 'a book of this sort necessarily partakes somewhat of the nature of what our transatlantic neighbors call a friendship quilt because of the many persons who lend their aid by supplying interesting bits of information, verifying portraits, facts and so forth.' History, which is merely the 'friendship quilt' on a large scale, gathers and verifies its facts from the private life of private contemporary records, and therefore such records are of interest and value, even if, like the present one, the writer does not rise to the heights of wit, keen observation and literary charm to which the famous diaries have accustomed us, incidentally, no doubt, somewhat spoiling us for the ordinary run of jottings.

The Hon. Frances Pery was born in Dublin February 4, 1767. Although destined to spend a large part of her life in England, she had probably not a drop of English blood in her veins. Her father, Edward Sexton Pery, from County Limerick, possessed considerable property and was a man of great power and influence. He was a member of the House of the Irish House of Commons, and on resigning that office he was created Viscount and granted a pension of £3,000 a year. He married the eldest daughter of Lord Knapton, descended on her mother's side from the Earls of Abercorn, of royal lineage, who belonged to one of the oldest families in Scotland. Elizabeth, Countess of Abercorn, who was married in 1698, had a rare but not unique experience, for she lived to see her great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Handcock, Lady Pery's daughter by her first marriage. This gave rise to the old saying, quoted in the family: 'Bride daughter, and go to your daughter, for your daughter's daughter has got a daughter.' All five were named Elizabeth.

In Frances Pery's time, as now, a knowledge of French was considered an essential part of the education of every young woman of fashion. That may be the reason why she calls her reminiscences 'Memoirs Beloved,' when dedicating them to her beloved children. As Lord Pery had no sons the title became extinct at his death in 1808. His two daughters, Diana Jane and Frances, the younger, married the Hon. Thomas Knox, eldest son of Viscount Northland, and Nicolson Calvert, Esq., afterward of Hunsdon House, Here, who for thirty-two years represented that borough in Parliament. Mr. Calvert and Frances Pery were married in January, 1789. At the time of her marriage and for long afterward Mrs. Calvert was extremely handsome and attractive. She was tall and fair, with blue eyes and the stately bearing for which many women of her day were remarkable. She is said to have inherited much of her father's wit and cleverness as well as the goodness and tenderness of heart which made Lady Pery beloved. She and her sister, as coheirs, were well dowered. Mrs. Knox succeeded to part of Lord Pery's landed property in Ireland, as well as a portion of £20,000 was thought in those days to be a considerable fortune.

Soon after the wedding Mr. Calvert took his bride to visit his family in London. They had a very gay time, Mrs. Calvert records in her journal, and one ball which she describes, given by White's Club at the Pantheon, was so full and hot that she declined to go to any more. It must have been an extraordinary sight, for she says: 'We were all splendidly dressed in a uniform of white and gold, with 'God save the King' embroidered on our head-dresses. The music was playing in the hall, and the dancing was going on in the room. I was communicating with the Pavilion at Brighton until the house she was building could be finished. She was then fifty, too fat, with a charming countenance and fine features, but a mouth made ugly by defective false teeth, and a very white and prettily formed bosom, which she displayed too much for the taste of Mrs. Calvert, who often longed to throw a handkerchief over it. Her manners were unaffected, good humored, with flashing looks of ill temper, and pleasing but very disagreeable to her husband, who was unhappy for in her fits of absence she sometimes heaved such deep sighs that Mrs. Calvert actually started. Mrs. Fitzherbert did not appear to possess any brilliancy, agreeable talents or powers of conversation, though she certainly must have had them to hold the Prince so many years.

Her first children Mrs. Calvert had in 1791, but by 1804 she was converted to smallpox, and records that having been told some gossip matter she intended to inoculate all the poor people about her. She would inoculate as many as a dozen in one morning, and being the lady of the manor the frightened people had to submit. One entry mentions that out of fourteen she had inoculated only one man took the infection, and she adds: 'I am very unlucky!' Generally her comments are characterized by common sense and right feeling. She was the appointment of Lady De Clifford as governess to the young Charlotte of Wales as very improper because the Duchess of Bedford that she was a pretty young woman but had an air of hauteur, a careless look of conscious superiority, of rank, which offended her. She did not like to think she was the Duchess of Athol's very pleasing, 'without the least hint of self-interest.' Mrs. Calvert was decidedly self-centered and her opinion of people's characters, manners and morals varied according as they affected her or those dear to her. Miss Esther Alcom, the beauty and heiress, furnishes an amusing case in point. She calls the girl a 'flirt,' which she undoubtedly was, when several of her relatives were smitten with her. But when she married Lord Althorp, Earl Spencer's heir, she allowed herself to believe that her suspicions as to Esther's good character and amiability might possibly be true, and responded suitably to her affectionate advances. But she does not like to have people alter their manners to her. She mentions that one day at court the Prince only nodded to 'Mr. C.' as she always calls her husband in her journal, though when she was at Brighton he had professed the most violent friendship for that gentleman. This prompts her to resort to Scripture for the relief of her feelings, she allowed herself to believe that her suspicions as to Esther's good character and amiability might possibly be true, and responded suitably to her affectionate advances. But she does not like to have people alter their manners to her. She mentions that one day at court the Prince only nodded to 'Mr. C.' as she always calls her husband in her journal, though when she was at Brighton he had professed the most violent friendship for that gentleman. This prompts her to resort to Scripture for the relief of her feelings, she allowed herself to believe that her suspicions as to Esther's good character and amiability might possibly be true, and responded suitably to her affectionate advances. But she does not like to have people alter their manners to her.

Hunsdon House was probably the site of a Roman villa. Quite recently a Roman bath was discovered in it, and the well from which the house is supplied to-day with water is the same (which was made by the Romans to supply the bath. The estate being escheated after Bosworth, it became royal property, and in 1524 was Duke of Norfolk, as a reward for his services on the field of Tewkesbury. The Duke's father, the Earl of Surrey, when in 1524 Henry VIII. resumed the session of the manor he enlarged the house and created it a palace royal. There he lived for some time, but he chiefly used it for a nursery for his three children, Mary, Elizabeth and Edward. When Edward VI. came to the throne he gave Hunsdon to Princess Mary, and she lived there during his reign. At her death the estate passed to Queen Elizabeth, who granted it to her cousin, Sir Henry, son of Elizabeth Carey and Mary Boleyn, sister of Anne Boleyn, and her bosom friend, the family for another one hundred years, being eventually sold to a man who mortgaged it in 1737 to Mr. Nicolson, and he bequeathed it to his nephew, Nicolson Calvert, M. P., who already owned a considerable amount of property in Hertfordshire. A Mr. Charrington is now the owner. It will be seen that, with plenty of money, titled relatives, personal beauty on the part of both Mrs. Calvert and her husband, and a historic estate, Mrs. Calvert was very much in the swim of the great world of that time, and met all the prominent personages. Some of the prominent personages were, untitled, as we know from other sources; but Mrs. Calvert usually records only the names of titled people, unless, indeed, the untitled hold some sort of unique position, like Mrs. Fitzherbert, for example. She occasionally blames a clergyman for not being what a clergyman should be, going to horse races and the like; but when it is a question of the powerful social hierarchy she takes the safe and politic ground that all things are right, and so long as the 'higher people are received' she seems to suffer no moral shock. She restores the equilibrium by making severe remarks to herself and promising herself perfection during the coming year whenever her birthday reminds her of that accepted duty, though she does not appear to have required severity from any one. She seems to have been a dutiful and loving wife, a fond and anxious mother to those of her twelve children who survived infancy, and an amiable, admired member of society.

Mrs. Calvert saw a good deal of the Prince of Wales during her sojourns at Brighton and in London and was enchanted with his manners, 'which are superior to every one's,' she says, though she uses the word 'condescending.' In after years, when the Prince became Regent, she was not always so 'affable,' and sometimes omitted her from his parties, to her vexation, which she faithfully sets down, as she does her candid opinion of Lady Salisbury when that lady invites Mr. Calvert to Hatfield without her and murmurs a transparently false excuse; or forgets her when she is giving a reception to foreign princes and makes no excuse whatever. It must be conceded, however, that Mrs. Calvert got her full share of desirable invitations from both these supercilious individuals, as well as from many others; but she was essentially a society woman, who pined when not in company, apparently, and expected a good deal from others. When she began to give 'assemblies' herself the Prince and the Royal Dukes accepted her invitations; and she mentions that on one such occasion, in 1804, the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were the last people in the house and went away in the same carriage, a reconciliation having been effected, which surprised her until she found that they always did. At this time Mrs. Fitzherbert was doing the honors of the Prince's house, living in a house over which she had a 'company' well attended she complained of the heat and the crowd. When the attendance anywhere was thin, she pronounced the entertainment dull. On several occasions she mentions that she was invited to a very small and select party, and that she is aware she ought to feel flattered; but she invariably inveighs against the stupidity of those present. Other chroniclers of these festivities may agree with her, but the indictment will then lie against her as well. We do not quite gather what constituted her standard of intellectual culture. She says she is not a book-reader, but she reads the newspapers, and she directly addresses at times, precisely how people looked and generally how they behaved, especially in reference to herself. About the time of her marriage the Duke of York married Princess Frederica, daughter to the King of Prussia, and Mrs. Calvert was presented to her after being presented at court. 'She seemed to me to be a poor looking little thing; ill dressed, and with a great deal of rouge,' she says.

For a number of years the Calverts occupied different furnished houses in London, and after Mrs. Calvert's father-in-law, Hunsdon House they had a small country house near it. But when they moved to London, she had to be paid frequent and sometimes protracted visits to Brighton, where in 1793 Lady Pitt presented them to the Prince of Wales, who invited them to a ball at the Pavilion. They also made the acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzherbert, 'who, although she certainly could not be the Prince's wife according to the law of the land, had had the marriage ceremony performed and was very much considered and respected.' Lady Jersey was there at the time, and Mrs. Calvert was the beginning of that flirtation which afterward caused the rupture between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and ended in his marrying the Princess of Wales. Later on she saw a good deal of the Prince's friendship with Lady Hertford, which was highly unpopular. On one occasion she was placed in a disagreeable and somewhat dangerous position through being mistaken for the mob for Lady Jersey, whom she admits she resembled. Her carriage and servants were well pelleted with mud. Lady Jersey was supposed to have caused the disensions between the Prince and Princess of Wales and to have succeeded fatally in her efforts to set the Prince against his wife. It ended in his never speaking to Lady Jersey and hating her as well as his wife. When the young Calverts in their turn inherited Hunsdon House they proceeded to tear it down and rebuild, which was a great pity because of the deeply interesting historical associations connected with the old structure. Incidentally the expense forced them to do without a town house until a man whom the lady had always disliked and against whom she had spoken in her diary, calling him 'without exception the greatest hog I ever saw,' requested her husband one day, which she sold to him for £10,000, was not in the quarter of London to which she was accustomed.

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Mrs. Calvert saw a good deal of the Prince of Wales during her sojourns at Brighton and in London and was enchanted with his manners, 'which are superior to every one's,' she says, though she uses the word 'condescending.' In after years, when the Prince became Regent, she was not always so 'affable,' and sometimes omitted her from his parties, to her vexation, which she faithfully sets down, as she does her candid opinion of Lady Salisbury when that lady invites Mr. Calvert to Hatfield without her and murmurs a transparently false excuse; or forgets her when she is giving a reception to foreign princes and makes no excuse whatever. It must be conceded, however, that Mrs. Calvert got her full share of desirable invitations from both these supercilious individuals, as well as from many others; but she was essentially a society woman, who pined when not in company, apparently, and expected a good deal from others. When she began to give 'assemblies' herself the Prince and the Royal Dukes accepted her invitations; and she mentions that on one such occasion, in 1804, the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert were the last people in the house and went away in the same carriage, a reconciliation having been effected, which surprised her until she found that they always did. At this time Mrs. Fitzherbert was doing the honors of the Prince's house, living in a house over which she had a 'company' well attended she complained of the heat and the crowd. When the attendance anywhere was thin, she pronounced the entertainment dull. On several occasions she mentions that she was invited to a very small and select party, and that she is aware she ought to feel flattered; but she invariably inveighs against the stupidity of those present. Other chroniclers of these festivities may agree with her, but the indictment will then lie against her as well. We do not quite gather what constituted her standard of intellectual culture. She says she is not a book-reader, but she reads the newspapers, and she directly addresses at times, precisely how people looked and generally how they behaved, especially in reference to herself. About the time of her marriage the Duke of York married Princess Frederica, daughter to the King of Prussia, and Mrs. Calvert was presented to her after being presented at court. 'She seemed to me to be a poor looking little thing; ill dressed, and with a great deal of rouge,' she says.

For a number of years the Calverts occupied different furnished houses in London, and after Mrs. Calvert's father-in-law, Hunsdon House they had a small country house near it. But when they moved to London, she had to be paid frequent and sometimes protracted visits to Brighton, where in 1793 Lady Pitt presented them to the Prince of Wales, who invited them to a ball at the Pavilion. They also made the acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzherbert, 'who, although she certainly could not be the Prince's wife according to the law of the land, had had the marriage ceremony performed and was very much considered and respected.' Lady Jersey was there at the time, and Mrs. Calvert was the beginning of that flirtation which afterward caused the rupture between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, and ended in his marrying the Princess of Wales. Later on she saw a good deal of the Prince's friendship with Lady Hertford, which was highly unpopular. On one occasion she was placed in a disagreeable and somewhat dangerous position through being mistaken for the mob for Lady Jersey, whom she admits she resembled. Her carriage and servants were well pelleted with mud. Lady Jersey was supposed to have caused the disensions between the Prince and Princess of Wales and to have succeeded fatally in her efforts to set the Prince against his wife. It ended in his never speaking to Lady Jersey and hating her as well as his wife. When the young Calverts in their turn inherited Hunsdon House they proceeded to tear it down and rebuild, which was a great pity because of the deeply interesting historical associations connected with the old structure. Incidentally the expense forced them to do without a town house until a man whom the lady had always disliked and against whom she had spoken in her diary, calling him 'without exception the greatest hog I ever saw,' requested her husband one day, which she sold to him for £10,000, was not in the quarter of London to which she was accustomed.

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